

GLASS 378.748 BOOK LQ

VOLUME 13-14



PENNSYLVANIA
STATE LIBRARY

WITHDRAWN





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016

THE LEHIGH BURR.

Vol. 14.

FEBRUARY 9, 1895.

No. 10.

PUBLISHED FORTNIGHTLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR.

EDITORS.

JOHN JAMESON GIBSON, '95, *Editor-in-Chief*.

HASELL WILSON BALDWIN, '96, *Business Manager*.

FRANKLIN BAKER, JR., '95.

ROBERT EDES CHETWOOD, JR., '95.

FREDERIC ALLYN DABOLL, '96.

WILLIAM CARTER DICKERMAN, '96.

C. WHEELER LORD, '96.

ERLE REITER HANNUM, '97.

Address, Editor-in-Chief, 423 Brodhead Avenue, South Bethlehem, Pa.

Business Manager, Delta Phi House, South Bethlehem, Pa.

Terms, \$2.25 per year; if paid before February 1st, \$1.75

EDITORIAL.

A DISCOURSE like the one recently delivered by our esteemed friend, Hon. Eckley B. Coxe, is undoubtedly of great benefit to the technical student. Founded on the wide experience of a man whose life has been spent in the very fields which most of us expect to enter, Mr. Coxe's remarks should be treasured as much as any of the applied scientific facts which we shall have to use in our professional careers. It is not only a graduate's knowledge of his special branch that brings him success. This knowledge may even make him obnoxious to his employers, if exercised in a pedantic or conceited way. He should remember exactly what he is and do his duty to the best of his ability in an unassuming and subordinate manner. There is plenty of time for a really good man to show what he is. Mr. Coxe's pleasant talk was like the sound advice of father to son.

WE were pleased to note not only the contents but also the tone of the letter of President Warfield, of Lafayette, in regard to a Lafayette-Lehigh debate. That a debate can and will be easily arranged is perhaps a foregone conclusion. It is the matter for the Agora to take in hand. Nor do we fear for the figure which we shall cut in this contest, for in spite of the preponderance of technics in our curriculum, we have always

possessed an enviable record in those fields for which literary courses best fit college students to enter.

But what we are most glad to perceive in the prospect of such a rivalry is the good influence which it can not help but have upon the feeling which exists between the two colleges. It is an undeniable fact, that in the athletic seasons neither of us are touched with even a fraction of that charity, the growth of which these debates will undoubtedly nourish.

WE regret to announce that Messrs. Gibson and Chetwood have had to abandon the project of publishing a book entitled "Lehigh Verse." The reason for dropping the work is because they have been unable to obtain the names of the authors of a large number of pieces of verse, which appeared in the early issues of THE BURR. It was their intention to find out the authors of all the verse selected for the publication, but after a great deal of work had been spent on the subject, it was found that it was impossible to find the authors of many of the best and oldest of the selections. If they had another year to work on the matter, they would have been able to complete their work, but as they have now only a short time before graduation, they found that there was no hope of completing the work already

started. The first projectors are willing, and would be very glad, to hand over to any member of the Junior Class the work they have accomplished, and will give to any one who wishes to take up the work where they have left off, the results of their labors and their best advice and help. It is to be hoped that some enterprising person will take hold of the matter and complete that part of the work which Messrs. Gibson and Chetwood have had to leave undone, owing to their lack of time. THE BURR will also render any help in its power to such a person.

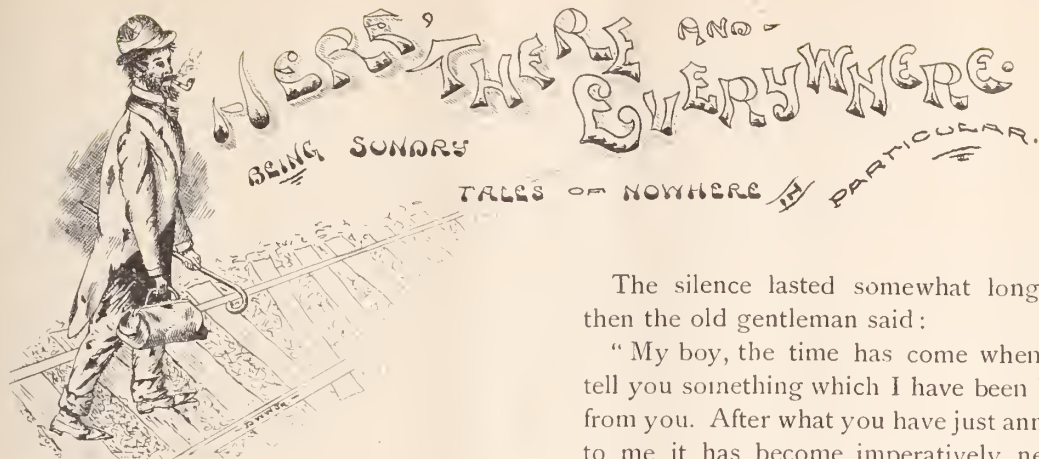
NOW that the "Lehigh University Athletic Committee" has organized and are in working order, we hope they will turn their attention to something that THE BURR has been advocating for the past year, namely the abolishing of track athletics. According to the powers of the committee, as laid forth in the resolution adopted by the "Trustees of the University," namely that: "This committee (subject only to the Board of Trustees and in conference with the Faculty) shall direct the policy of the University in all athletic matters, and *it alone shall have the power to say what teams, and in individual contests, what individuals shall represent Lehigh,*" they have

the power to abolish track athletics. Track athletics will never succeed at Lehigh for two reasons, first because we never have had or ever can have a decent track on which to train the candidates while the athletic grounds are situated as they are, and secondly because there is not one particle of interest and enthusiasm in track athletics shown by the undergraduate-body.

Every year it costs a large sum of money to convert a pack of weeds into a poor apology for a cinder track, and another much greater sum to send away a body of undergraduates, known as the Lehigh University Track Team, to compete in the Pennsylvania Inter-Collegiate games, and at which our entries seldom stand "one, two, six." At present the result of having a track team is the expenditure of a large sum of money and the making of the Foot ball, Lacrosse and Base-ball fields dangerous to play on. Abolish track athletics and the Athletic Association will save money and the other departments of athletics will have far better fields to play on. THE BURR humbly submits the above to the consideration of the Lehigh University Athletic Committee for investigation, and hopes that the committee will act upon it.

MOURNFUL THOUGHTS.

WHAT is man's end in life? Why struggle on
 In this ephemereal sphere, and then upon
 His death-bed find that all in life is vain?
 That gold and pleasure both their end attain,
 And leave him naught to light him on his way?
 Is there no future? Does no feeble ray
 Shed light enough to strengthen him with hope?
 What guides the soul of sinful man? Why grope
 His way alone? Does conscience's narrow sphere
 Not lend him light? The darkness yields but mere
 To let him pass. Like fire-flies of the air
 Who singe their gauzy wings, and dropping where
 Some trampling heel destroys both life and light;
 So he while hurrying through the closing night
 His unprotected taper meets the blast
 Of fitful winds, till flickering, faint, at last
 Before some sudden draught of fiercer breath
 Goes out, and darkness shrouds his soul in death.



OR ELSE.

“FATHER, Helen and I are engaged.”

His father started slightly in his chair, and a troubled expression came over his face. He started to speak, but the son, who had not noticed the effect of his words, went impulsively on.

“Oh! if I had only known what happiness was awaiting me on my return home, I would have come back from Australia long ago. To think that I have known her only a year, when I might have known and loved her all these years. But tell me again, father, how did you come to adopt her? I know why you did so, and you have often told me the circumstances, but I ask again because I am anxious to know if there is not some clue by which we may be able to tell who she is. Her character is such a sweet and noble one that her parents must have been people whose names and histories she would be glad to know. Is there no source from which we may learn something.”

To the son's great surprise his father did not answer. For some time he sat looking into the open fire that was before them, and his brow was ruffled.

“Why, father, what troubles you so deeply? If I have touched upon a subject that brings up memories that are too painful, I am very sorry, sir.”

The silence lasted somewhat longer, and then the old gentleman said:

“My boy, the time has come when I must tell you something which I have been keeping from you. After what you have just announced to me it has become imperatively necessary to tell you, and I fear it shall prove an awful revelation to you.”

The young man rose nervously, and stood before the fire. A cold chill crept over him. What awful thing was this that was to oppress him in the moment of his happiness? His father sat forward upon the edge of his chair and, looking steadily into the blaze, began:

“Let me start at the beginning. You will remember having been told that my step-brother, George Burton, and I were married just about the same time, and that about a year later there was born to me a pair of twins, you and a sister, and to him a little daughter. He has told you and so have I, how, when you children were barely six months old, our two little families, his and mine, were taking a sea voyage, and the vessel was wrecked on the New England coast. The ship went down and I was saved with you in my arms, while he alone was picked up by another boat. The others of our dear ones were never seen again.

“Thus utterly bereft, your uncle was broken in health and spirits, and he resolved to go to the new continent in the hope that a rough life there would bring back his strength. My troubles were increased by failure in business, and he set me up again, asking me to let him take you with him to Australia. To this I reluctantly agreed, and you went with him and were with him until his death.

"A few years passed and I became prosperous again, and being lonely, I resolved to adopt a child. I could not find one at first to suit me, and at last advertised for one, and, as fate would have it, Helen was brought to me. I did not look much into her history then, and afterwards I became much more interested in what she would be than in who or what she had been. She came to me from an orphans' home, and the managers of that institution knew perhaps as little as I did myself about her, and cared less. Since then she has grown up into the charming girl that we both love so much.

"Last March you came back to America, and since you have been here I have noticed the growing attachment between Helen and yourself, and some months ago, for both of your sakes, I started upon an inquiry concerning Helen. It seemed difficult to find out anything after all this time, but I put the matter into good hands and awaited results, expecting to give you both a pleasant surprise some day. But later developments have brought me the most astounding news. It is only within the last week that I have received proofs that Helen was a child who was found upon the New England coast by a fisherman. She had been washed ashore, borne upon a piece of a ship which had been wrecked. The place and date, my son, have been shown to be the same precisely as those upon which the wreck occurred from which you and I escaped. Can you not see who Helen is?"

The other seized upon the most hopeful conclusion with a lover's eagerness.

"Then she is Uncle George's child!" he cried.

"Or else—," said the old man slowly.

"My sister!" and the young man caught the mantel-piece for support.

"Yes, Charles, there is the awful alternative. For you to marry the daughter of my step-brother, who really was no relation to me, would be indeed a possible happy ending to all our troubles; but the awful case that confronts us on the other hand is what has caused

me the deepest worry since the conclusive evidence came. However, my dear boy, I am daily expecting further proofs, which may be of service in showing which she is. You can now appreciate why your announcement affected me as it did. Helen knows nothing of this. Do not say a word to her, but let us wait and hope for the best. God bless you both, and may He be good to you in His mercy. I once did wish Helen were my daughter, but now—God forbid."

He was silent, and they both gazed into space in a way that bade fair to last a long time. The same attitude still held each of them, when a little later the door of the library opened and the idol of both of their hearts appeared.

A glance told her that something was wrong, and she flew to the old man's chair and her arms were about his neck in a moment.

"Why, father, what is the matter? What has happened? What makes you both look at me so mournfully?"

They forced two uneasy laughs, and their awkward assurance that nothing was wrong proved to her that there was. Her woman's instinct told that it was about herself. She looked at her lover, and then buried her face in the old man's shoulder.

"Oh! I know," she sobbed, "you do not want Charles to love me, do you, father?"

The young man sprang to her side and took her in his arms, while his father made a desperate effort to be equal to the occasion.

"No, my child," he said desperately, "you need never be afraid of that. Charles and I have merely been talking of you, and— and— well, we were wondering who you were, and thinking that perhaps some day your parents or some relation might turn up, who would take you from us, and— and— the thought of such a thing was too much for us, too much for us. That was all, dear."

"Wondering who I am," she said slowly. "I have never thought much of that myself.

I have been too happy in my life as your daughter to do that. But I wonder," she said quickly, "if the initials on my locket could help to solve the mystery."

"What locket?" they both cried.

"The locket I always wear," she replied with a smile at their vehemence. "Why, father, you have seen it upon my neck a thousand times. I have always had it; at least, so they told me at the 'Home.' Do you mean to tell me you have never noticed it?" and she drew it from the neck of her frock.

The old man was on his feet in an instant.

"The stupidity of these people," he com-

plained. "Why could not some one have told me at first of this locket? But where are the initials, my dear?"

She handed him the locket and pointed to a monogram upon it, which he read and then fairly yelled:

"M. S. B. She's George Burton's child. I remember her name was Mary Somers Burton. Charles, my son, she is your cousin," and he slapped him on the back in his delight.

"Cousin, cousin," they repeated together, and then they danced up and down in front of the fire in their glee, while she began to think that they had both gone crazy.

CRÈVE-COEUR.

OUT among the grasses where the orange daisies flame,
 To the river's shelving bank broad and low,
 All the happy daytime till the kindly evening came,
 A sad figure wandered lone to and fro.
 Stoled in garb of mourning, with wild, starry, shining eyes,
 Like the spirit of a nun seemed the one.
 E'en the feathered watchers moved, showed sorrow in their cries,
 And the flowers grieving, drooped to the sun.
 When the morning sunshine played o'er daisied field again,
 All the birds their music shrilled as of yore.
 But the river in its bosom held a secret hid from men,
 And with merry murmur flowèd never more.

WAS IT THE HAND OF PROVIDENCE?

JACK SUTTON was one of the most popular men in his class during his first three years at college. In his senior year, however, he became so changed that he lost most of his popularity, and many who were up to that time his bosom friends, and whom Jack had kept continually by his side, were now treated with coldness whenever they came to see him. In fact, Jack, who had before been the lively spirit of a lively crowd, now kept to himself, and seemed displeased and unhappy when his friends and classmates dropped in his room to see him, as was their custom. The welcome he gave them was a cold one, and, as a result,

one by one his friends learned to leave him alone, and during his senior year his room was not the scene of the many merry gatherings that had often taken place there during the preceding years.

This sudden change in Jack Sutton's behavior was due to his being in love. Love changes the character and disposition of all men, according to whether love brings pleasure or pain. To Jack it brought pain.

The girl he was in love with he had known since he was a child in kilts. They had been playmates together, and when Jack left home to enter college, he left a little piece of his

heart in the possession of Miss Edith Kingsley. As each year of Jack's college course passed, so did portions of his heart enter into the possession of Edith Kingsley, and at the end of his Junior year Miss Kingsley possessed the whole of that part of his anatomy.

Edith Kingsley was an exceedingly pretty and talented girl. She, however, had two characteristics that were strongly against her. She was quite a flirt and hardly ever spoke seriously on any subject; also, she had some very worldly and foolish ideas. Her one ambition, as she had often told Jack, was to marry some wealthy man, as she believed money to be the one requisite of a happy life. Now Jack Sutton did not for one instant think that she in her own heart believed what she said about marrying. He thought that she only made that statement because she was young in years, and had not as yet formed any opinion of what constituted a happy life. Therefore, when he found himself so deeply in love with her he determined to tell her of his infatuation, and thus determine whether the fates were on his side.

He did so. He wrote her an epistle of great length, telling her of his great love for her, and how the whole world would be a dreary road for him if she did not return his love.

The answer he received was a great blow to him. He had held his hopes very high in the air, and when he received a note saying that Miss Kingsley felt highly honored that Jack held her in such high regard, but that she never had thought of him in connection with marriage, and never would so think, he was about the saddest and most broken-hearted man one could have imagined.

Other persons after receiving a letter such as the above, would have tried to forget all about the affair, and would in the end have succeeded. But Jack did no such thing. He kept on loving her, and as a result he led a most unhappy and miserable life.

Finally Jack received a letter which still further increased his torture. It was from Miss

Kingsley, and announced to him her engagement to a wealthy New York banker. The man was old enough to be her father, and the news simply prostrated Jack. He went about college with an expression on his face such that would give one the idea that he believed life to be about the worst punishment a man could receive. Jack was certainly suffering greatly, and the expression of his face showed it.

He could not refrain from writing to Miss Kingsley on receipt of her letter. He begged and implored her not to be so foolish, and told her that so great was his love for her that he would rather have her die than marry the man she was engaged to. He used all the arguments and words he possessed to try and change her decision, but to no effect.

Very soon afterwards he received an invitation to the wedding. It was to be a grand affair with a swell reception afterwards. At first he thought he would not go, but somehow or other he could not keep away, and when the time arrived Jack packed up his belongings and went.

He went to the wedding and then to the reception. The bride looked lovelier than ever, and to Jack the whole ceremony was simply torture of the worst description. Twice had he gotten in line with the great crowd that was slowly moving towards the bride to offer their congratulations, and twice had he left the line because he believed he could not stand the test. He then went out on the balcony where there was a cool breeze, and which he thought would cool his heated head and give him the necessary control of his feelings, thus allowing him to offer his hypocritical and figured congratulations.

After staying on the balcony in the cold wind for nearly half an hour he decided that he would make a third attempt. This time he succeeded, but it was only after the most violent self restraint. He at once left the house and went home, feeling as though his life from then on would be simply unendurable.

He could not sleep at all that night, and

the next morning he was far from well. His sitting on the balcony the night before, had given him a terrible cold, and it was growing steadily worse as the day progressed. By evening he was in a high fever, and his parents at once summoned a physician, only to learn that Jack was very ill with pneumonia. For three days he hovered between life and

death, and on the fourth day he died, despite the fact that he received the best of medical treatment.

Here then arises the question. Did a Merciful God take this means to relieve Jack Sutton from the torture of an unrelenting love, or was it simply one of the every day coincidences that are so frequent in this life?

NIGHT FANCIES.

THE slowly dying afternoon
Has faded, and the burnished moon
Swings far aloft, and casts a silver glow
Across the glinting waves that murmur low.
And freshly cool the night-wind o'er me floats,
Bearing to me the faintly twinkling notes
Of some sweet instrument, whose strings are stirred
By unseen hands. Perhaps within the blurred
And distant depths of yonder silent wood
Some lonely hermit soothes his solitude;
Or likelier, by a lover's hand is played
The sweet guitar, beneath yon colonnade,
To charm his lady's listening ear,
And I for sorrow fain would shed a tear
That I can see her not. Then faint the music fades
And Silence shares the empire of the Shades. H.

AN UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

“THEN, if you are a believer in all these superstitions, of course you are a disciple of Hypnotism.”

“Not exactly a disciple,” replied my companion, with a smile, “although I do truly believe in Hypnotism. But, do not misunderstand me,” he continued, “I do believe in these warnings which you are pleased to term ‘superstitious,’ but not in the ignorant blindness with which you inwardly credit me. I am not so foolish as to think it is because some evil is about to befall us, that the presentiments are sent us. Nor do I think it is because thirteen sit down together to the same table, that one will die within the year; but I do think because one will die within the year, that the thirteen sat down together; and this is their warning.”

“And why should not,” continued my companion, “warnings be sent us in such forms.

Are they not sent in many other ways? Does not Nature in all her phases teach that

‘Earth that nurtured thee, shall claim
Thy growth to be resolved to earth again?’

“And do not

‘Coming events cast their shadow before them?’

“Believe me, my friend, we should not laugh at these mysterious omens, nor because our minds cannot comprehend their significance should we discredit their existence. As regards Hypnotism; the existence of that subtle influence I think is beyond all doubt. I don't mean the tricks of those who style themselves ‘Magicians’ and ‘Mesmerists,’ but the effect of one mind upon another. Hawthorne in his ‘Scarlet Letter,’ although he does not term it Hypnotism, depicts very plainly the powerful influence of the evil mind of old Chillingsworth over that of the erring Dimmesdale. More-

over, I think that if I had the time I could readily make you a convert to this belief."

"No one could ever do that, I am certain," I replied with a laugh. "I have always looked upon such things as tricks of the stage, and never to be found in reality."

This conversation took place in the cozy smoking-room of the country inn in which I had decided to put up for that night. The only person in the room besides myself, was the stranger who had just given expression to such peculiar ideas. Up to this time I had not given him particular attention, but, now his strange sentiments awakened my curiosity.

He was small in stature, with a weather-beaten visage, which, as yet, could hardly be termed aged. There was a remarkable intelligence in his features, as of a person who had so cultivated his mind, that the effect had impressed itself upon his countenance. He did not appear at all desirous of pursuing further the subject of our conversation, but for several minutes sat silently gazing at the fire. At length he offered me a cigar, and after a few minutes silence, he inquired:

"Do you notice the peculiar flavor of your cigar?"

"No, I do not," I replied, somewhat startled by the strangeness of his tone.

"You will, in a short time," he said, smilingly.

"What do you mean?"

"It is a peculiar cigar I have made for myself, and contains drugs of my own concoction, which produce very pleasant effects upon one; at least I think they are pleasant."

"Do you mean to say that I am smoking opium?"

"Not exactly," replied my companion, in a pleasant, dreamy voice, "but don't you notice a very enjoyable, happy languor creeping over you?"

Up to this time, I must admit, I had not noticed anything remarkable about the cigar, except its rather cheap taste. Now, however, I really did begin to feel the sensations which

he mentioned. A delicious languor took possession of me, both mind and body, and I felt alike indifferent to all my surroundings. The walls of the room and the fire began a slow and cloudy retreat, while all the world 'round seemed to look at me through the haze with such undisguised admiration, that my head swam with delight and satisfied self love. All that was clearly discernable to me were the deep, blue eyes of my companion, which, magnified by the lens of mist between us, seemed to sink into mine and carry into my brain their own brilliancy.

"How do you like it?" murmured my companion. "You don't want to throw the cigar away, do you?"

I had not the power to withdraw my gaze from his, even if I had desired to; so I sank back into my chair, resigning myself to the powerful drug which I was smoking.

How long I remained in this state I do not know; at all events, the time passed very quickly with me. At length the Stranger rose to his feet, walked swiftly over to me, and clapping his hand on my shoulder, awoke me to my senses in a moment. Then in a voice which sounded just a trifle triumphant, he said kindly.

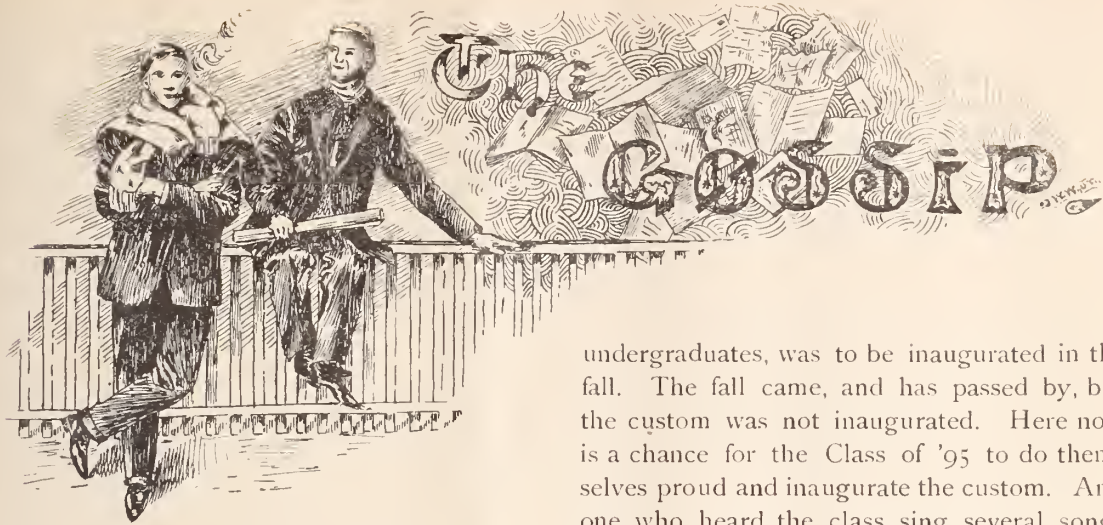
"Come, it is bed time, and you are tired. Forgive my little cigar fiction, and let us part friends."

Then he shook my hand, and saying "Good night," he went up stairs.

As I stood there blinking in the centre of the room, with that miserable, cheap cigar in my hand, I realized for the first time the entire situation.

I had been hypnotized; and hypnotized upon the very scene of my self-asserting scepticism.

I have never since met that wonderful little man. But if ever I do see him again I will adopt extraordinary precautions to place just as much space between us as is possible. I am afraid of that man.



THE Gossip humbly offers the following suggestion to the great and glorious recorder of chapel absences. It is that he give the undergraduates a little lee-way before he begins this most pleasant and enjoyable task. Lately this most energetic of men has commenced his work just as the strike of the bell and many that were inside the chapel doors, and on their way to their seats, received absences just because they happened to reach their allotted seats ten seconds after the bell rang. It seems as if a man might possibly be allowed two minutes lee-way during week-day chapel, and five minutes on Sunday. In all recitations the undergraduates are allowed five minutes because it is recognized that they may be detained a few minutes, and the Gossip believes that the same might be put into effect with good success in connection with the services at chapel.

No doubt, however, our friend, the recorder, is only putting into effect one of the many truths he has had told him while attending the services, namely: "It is more blessed to give than to receive"—absences.

* * *

Last spring The Gossip was told that the custom of gathering on the terrace in front of Packer Hall and singing college song by the

undergraduates, was to be inaugurated in the fall. The fall came, and has passed by, but the custom was not inaugurated. Here now is a chance for the Class of '95 to do themselves proud and inaugurate the custom. Any one who heard the class sing several songs before the lecture on American Literature last week cannot doubt but that under the leadership of such a band of minstrels the custom could be put into successful operation. The Gossip hopes that the Class of '95 will look into the matter, and that when spring has come, every evening a crowd of canaries, robin red-breasts, orioles, and perhaps a few crows, will perch themselves on the beautiful expanse of green and warble sweetly.

* * *

Gossip occasionally runs across that species of college kind commonly known as a "busted phenom." and smiles as he passes that target for the cheap wit of the class room. He hardly knows why he does it, possibly that degenerate side of a man's nature that makes him take pleasure in another's downfall is responsible. But think of it, is there a sadder spectacle than this, once "the observed of all observers," the center of the public eye, and and now held up as an awful example to Freshman? Verily, verily, "Pride goeth before a fall."

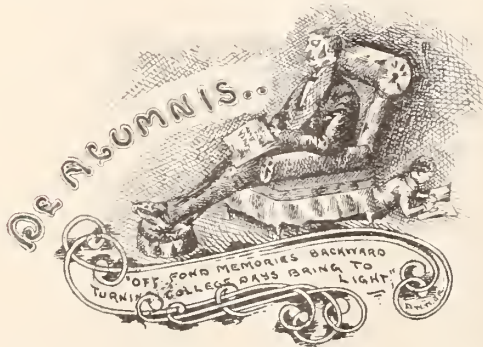
In our mind's eye we see him start forth, girding his loins to do battle with the world. The prize student of the Swamp Poodle High School is about to make his mark, let all others hold back and admire. He enters college,

and its chill air blows over him, killing any pretentious shoots that he may think of putting forth. He tells his friends that he is a little strange, and that the students do not have the same respect and awe for him that they did at home, but wait. There comes the first hard gale. Perhaps he weathers, and goes home to the bosom of his family with the feeling that "blood will tell." He returns and finds the atmosphere colder and the wind blowing harder, encouraged, however, he blossoms out in a first-class "phenom.," ventures to sport a little, surely so much hard work is not necessary for him to stand well, and then—Well! it's the beginning of the end. The June examinations come, and he falls, and "Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!"

Another of Gossip's friends is what is known as a hard worker, or more commonly, a "grind." He might be termed a "phenom." that has not "busted." He has been of considerable interest to Gossip, for that person at first imagined that he studied for the love of it, but he does not, he works because he has a reputation (which shows you what an awful thing a repu-

tation is), and he has got to keep it. Besides that, it is just nuts to him, as Mark Twain would say, to lounge up to a bulletin with posted marks on it and hear the remarks, and to have the poor unfortunates come up to him and tell him what a lucky fellow he is, and then go way with envy fairly bulging out of their eyes. Our grind sticks his hands a little deeper into his pockets, and thinks to himself that it is worth a whole term's work to hear these very flattering remarks. In fact it is just that sort of stuff that an earnest worker grows fat on. It is the breath of life to him.

But after all he is not such a bad sort of a fellow. He, at times, will descend far enough from his pinnacle to help one of the poor sufferers, firstly carefully letting him know in that way of his, that the errant one knows nothing about it, and that he must feel very grateful for the assistance, which he does(?) However, here's to him, may his kind increase, may his marks be higher, may his knowledge be greater and may—he remember that "there are others" in the world.



—Schuyler B. Knox, '93, a former editor-in-chief of THE BURR, is now with the Berlin Bridge Company, East Berlin, Conn., having left the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. some time ago.

—It has been announced that Chas. H. Miller, '90, manager of the J. C. Blair Stationery Company, of Huntington, Pa., is engaged to Miss Dorris, of that city. Mr. Miller has lately made an invention in a practical line, which is meeting with great success.

—Edgar E. Seyfert, C.E., '94, while attempting to board a moving train at East Berlin, Conn., on the evening of January 31, slipped on the icy platform and was run over by both trucks of one car. He was taken to the Hartford Hospital, at Hartford, where it was found necessary to amputate his left leg just below the knee. Mr. Seyfert survived the shock of the operation nicely, and is on the fair road to recovery.



January 25. University Lecture by Hon. Eckley B. Cox.

January 26. Lecture of Electrical Engineering Society, by Mr. A. E. Kennelly. Subject, "Alternate Current Motors, Synchronous and Non-Synchronous."

February 2. Concert of Lehigh University Glee and Banjo Clubs, at Fountain Hill Opera House, South Bethlehem.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IT has always been the regret of the Exchange Editor that the college magazines and periodicals do not have a larger circulation and a larger number of readers. In all of the magazines published by college men, there are to be found articles, stories and sketches, which are not only interesting, but instructive. These articles, however, reach only a limited number of readers, and their value is only appreciated by a very few people. A college magazine is read only by those directly interested in the university or college at which the same is published, and of a necessity the number cannot be large. Again, the reading public is apt to regard the college magazine with disdain. Many people believe that college publications are merely playthings in the hands of children; but if those would read some of the articles in the different January college publications, they would be greatly astonished at the amount of good solid reading matter they contain.

In the *Cornell Magazine* for January one article entitled "Religion and the College Man" deserves special notice. In this article the writer, who is a graduate of Cornell, dwells fully on the continual growth of scepticism among college men. He gives as the reason for this growth the fact that religion and Christianity are not put before the undergraduates in a proper light. In such an institution as Cornell, where men are taught to reason and investigate, and where at the head of each branch of science are men who are authorities in their respective subjects, and who are able by facts and good solid argument to prove the truth or falsity of a proposition, it is only natural that the undergraduates should be sceptic, when the only thing they hear on the subject of religion is a flowery sermon concerning a few statements, with no accompanying explanation. The

writer gives as a solution to the problem the employing of the ablest of men for this work; men who are able not only to make a statement, but who can also give reasons and arguments for the proof of the same.

One of the most interesting articles in the *Princeton Literary Magazine* for January, is by Frank B. Morse, of foot-ball fame. In this article Mr. Morse makes some very plain statements in regard to the manner in which the training of last year's Princeton team was conducted. He points out some glaring faults and gives their remedy. This article gives some important points regarding the training of a team by one who has been through the mill.

"Are the Planets Inhabited," "A Sketch of Mr. F. Marion Crawford and His Works," and an article entitled, "Through England on a Wheel," are three extremely good ones in the January number of *Brown Magazine*. All of the three are well worth reading, especially the last one which is extremely interesting, giving, as it does, the results of a wheeling trip through England, undertaken by an editor of the magazine. His experiences and the description of the various places he visited are very entertainingly written.

The Columbia Literary Monthly contains two extremely interesting and well-written articles among its contents. They are, "The Development of the Art of Violin Making in Italy," and "Winter Sports in the Country." The first is of a historical nature and as its title indicates, it gives the development of the violin from its crude form to the perfect instrument of today. The other article is one in praise of the many sports to be had in the country during winter.

All of the above publications contain excellent sketches, short stories and verse of considerable merit.



—In the past twelve years Yale has scored 5,614 points in foot-ball to opponents, 119.

—Owing to the European trip, there will be two university crews at Cornell this year.

—Over \$100,000 has been added to the permanent funds of Yale during the past year.

—Twenty-three states and territories are representing the Freshman Class at Princeton.

—The total receipts of the Yale-Princeton game in New York were \$33,468, which will net to each college \$12,105.

—The Harvard crew began active training under Coach Watson on Dec. 6. The tank will not be used this year, rowing machines taking their place.

JILTED.

I'll send her all these notes
And cards and letters back,
This ring and photo, too—
They make a goodly pack—
There's yet one thing I ought to do,
'Twould be celestial bliss,
If I but dared along with these,
Return her every kiss. —*Wrinkle.*

—C. W. Dibble, '96, has been elected captain of the Lawrenceville foot-ball team. Six of last year's team will return next fall.

—The Henley regatta of 1895, in which the Cornell crew is expected to compete, will be held on July 9, 10, and 11.

—Of the 1,801 students enrolled in Cornell University, 1,003 come from the state of New York.

—The question for debate between Cornell and University of Pennsylvania is "*Resolved*, That the most effective means of restricting the liquor traffic is to eliminate the element of private profit."

THE REASON WHY.

Why is it on the Sabbath day
That we can work so long?
Because the rest are all *week* days,
But Sundays we are *strong*.

—*Brunonian.*

As a maid so nice,
With step precise,
Tripped on the ice,
She slipped; her care in vain—
And at the fall
The school-boys call—
"Third down; two feet to gain."

—*Ex.*

—At a meeting of the captains of the Oxford and Cambridge crews, it was decided that no American University could row with them until they were the undisputed champions.

—The University of Pennsylvania has announced its intention, should it win the championship at New Haven, of sending an athletic team to England to compete with Oxford.

—Brown University now offers a course in Dutch. This is the first and only course of its kind offered by any college in America.

HER SLIPPER.

'Twas in the waltz's mazes at the "Prom.,"
 Its strings unloosed came very near to trip her;
 I led her 'hind a kindly spreading palm,
 And knelt to tie more gently on her slipper.

As I knelt at her feet, the love-tides welled
 Within me, and her warm breath on my cheek,
 So fragrant, pure, as she bent o'er, impelled
 Me in impassioned words my love to speak.

When at her home, I stood with her alone
 Upon the steps; the silence all unbroken,
 Save by my murmurs, as with pleading tone
 I begged of her fair love some little token.

E'en while I felt her hand within my own,
 And watched the quiver of her lip, her
 Glowing cheek—ere I knew it she was gone,
 And in my hand was this blue satin slipper.

—*Exchange.*

—The Harvard winter meet will be held
 February 16.

—Of the 11,669 graduates of Columbia,
 9082 are still living.

—Amherst has received the highest award
 for the finest college exhibit at the World's
 Fair.

—The first college paper in the United
 States was published at Dartmouth. Daniel
 Webster was its editor-in-chief.

A QUERY.

Ye listening rocks, ye sounding sea,
 Ye bellowing winds from o'er the lea!
 Oh! tell me, if ye can tell aught,
 What will they call the class oo?

—*Yale Record.*

—The Harvard Rifles will have a competi-
 tive drill with the Cadet Battalion of the
 Massachusetts Institute of Technology early
 next spring.

—Stevens has written to Harvard to try to
 arrange a game of Lacrosse between the col-
 leges. She expresses herself as "glad to see
 Harvard once more in a field where she used
 to excel."

—The University of Wisconsin is consider-
 ing the question of dividing the college year
 into semesters instead of three terms.

—The students of Cambridge University
 have recently presented with much success the
 Greek tragedy, Euripide's Iphigenia.

A QUERY.

He asked a miss what was a kiss
 Grammatically defined.

"It's a conjunction, sir," she said,
 "And hence can't be declined."

—*The Owl.*

—The Harvard and Yale nines have
 arranged for two games during the coming
 season; one at Cambridge, June 20, the other
 at New Haven, June 29. In case of a tie a
 third game will be played.

—Statistics have been published showing
 that of the 1112 men who played on American
 college foot-ball teams during the past season,
 but ten were temporarily disabled and but one
 permanently injured.

THE FISHER LAD'S SONG.

She was my bonny, laughing girl,
 Always happy she;
 Her hair flowed forth in many a curl,
 Like the wind blown waves of the sea.

Alas, the day I joined the cruise,
 Alas, the day we parted;
 Woe to the poor who cannot choose,
 Who suffer, broken-hearted.

No brighter lights shone on the coast
 Than Lucie's sun-bright eyes;
 To the sailors all it was my boast,
 They oped like the soft sunrise.

Though one may drink of hope from the
 And have that hope fulfilled, [wind,
 Ah, yet can the future be unkind;
 Her voice was forever stilled.

Alas, the day I joined the cruise,
 Alas, the day we parted;
 Woe to the poor who cannot choose,
 Who suffer, broken-hearted.

—*Cornell Era.*

RELAPSE.

I study Evolution,
 And hear the teacher tell
 How we have all developed
 From an isolated cell.
 And in the examination
 Some fellows make it plain,
 Their principles will bring them
 To the starting point again.

—Sequoia.

RUDY'S PILE SUPPOSITORY

is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send two stamps for circular and Free Sample to MARTIN RUDY, Registered Pharmacist, Lancaster, Pa. NO POSTALS ANSWERED. For sale by all first-class druggists everywhere.

❖THE LEHIGH SPOON.❖

*We have just completed a New Spoon for the College.
 The bowl is made in the form of a foot-ball, the handle contains a
 base-ball and bat, rope for tug-of-war, and a pennant in brown enamel
 with the letters L-e-h-i-g-h brought out in white.
 Your inspection is earnestly requested.*

E. KELLER & SON, Jewelers,

711 Hamilton St., Allentown, Pa.

September 12, 1894.

Our stock for Fall and
 Winter, 1894 - '95, is now
 ready in all departments.

Brooks Brothers,

Broadway, corner 22d Street,

New York City.

Clothing and Furnishing Goods
 Ready Made and Made to Measure.

SUN INN,

BETHLEHEM, PA.

YOUNG men's full dress suits in the new, also the old regulation styles. Prices commence at \$20, end at \$40; fabrics are broadcloths and undressed worsteds.

We make and sell
 the best fitting ready
 made Clothes you
 ever saw.

New style Winter overcoats, cut medium, long, and extra long. Some are full box.

Handsome blue and black Kersey Box overcoats for... **\$15.00**,
 color guaranteed.

We make fine work to measure. Swell suits for... **\$28.00**.

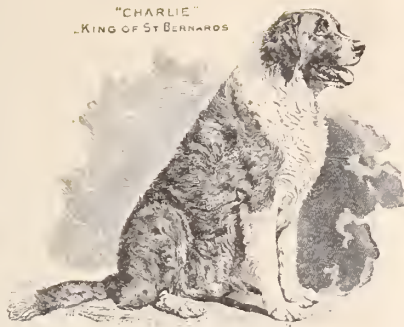
**Browning, King & Co.,
 CLOTHIERS AND TAILORS,**

910, 912 CHESTNUT STREET,

Opposite Post Office,

WARREN A. REED.

PHILADELPHIA



MONONOTTO INN,

FISHERS ISLAND, NEW YORK

MRS. M. B. HOPPES, PROP'R.

Broadway House,

E. M. SMITH, Proprietor.

BOARD PER WEEK, \$4.00.

ROOMS PER MONTH, \$5.00 TO \$8.00.

331 Brodhead Avenue, South Bethlehem, Pa.

Hair Cuts, Shaves and Shampoos.

R. R. WELCH'S.

227 Broad St., rear P.O., South Bethlehem, Pa.

Endorsed by most fastidious.

All work done at residences when ordered.

CAPS AND GOWNS

FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

We are prepared to furnish Caps and Gowns of the highest quality, to Universities, Colleges and Schools throughout the United States, at surprisingly low prices. Self measurement forms, containing all necessary instructions to secure perfectly fitting garments without visiting the store, will be forwarded upon request. We prefer, however, to send a representative. Samples submitted when desired.

Ribbons
in all
College Colors,
different widths.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE LARGEST EXCLUSIVELY DRY GOODS HOUSE IN AMERICA.

CONSIDERATION.

Some years ago,
The farmer's woe
Was blowing out the gas!
And when abed
He soon was dead—
The poor benighted ass.

The electric light
Now rules the night,
And poor old farmer, Stout,
Is lost in dreams
For some new schemes
To help the joke-man out.

—Brunonian.

The American University Magazine

FOR

DECEMBER AND JANUARY

NOW ON SALE WITH

AUG. H. LEIBERT,

BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER,

134 South Main Street,

BETHLEHEM, PA.



A Work of Art.

A bicycle catalogue can be more than a mere price-list of the maker's goods. It can be beautiful with the best work of noted artists and

designers. Rich in information besides. Such a book is the

Columbia Bicycle Catalogue

which tells of New Model Columbias, their points of excellence, and their equipment. The book is free at any Columbia agency, or is mailed for two 2-cent stamps. You who propose to ride cannot do without it, for it tells of the best bicycles—

COLUMBIAS,	HARTFORDS,	WIZARDS,
\$100.	\$80.	\$60 \$50.

The Columbia Desk Calendar will make work at your desk easier and pleasanter. By mail for ten cents in stamps.

POPE MFG. CO.

General Offices and Factories,
HARTFORD, CONN.

BRANCHES:
BOSTON. NEW YORK. CHICAGO.
PROVIDENCE. BUFFALO.



W. E. ZEARFAUS,

IMPORTER AND TAILOR,

Headquarters for fine line of Gents' Furnishing Goods.

Fourth Street and Brodhead Avenue,

POST OFFICE BUILDING,

SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PA.

BOOKS BOUGHT.

If you want a book, no matter when or where published, call at our store. We have, without exception, the largest collection of Old Books in America, all arranged in Departments. Any person having the time to spare is perfectly welcome to call and examine our stock of two or three hundred thousand volumes, without feeling under the slightest obligation to purchase.

Leary's Old Book Store,

No. 9 SOUTH NINTH STREET,

(First Store below Market Street,) PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

WE POSSESS unequalled facilities for the production of special designs and prize work. This, coupled with the fact that we are authorized jewelers for the

Phi Kappa Psi, Phi Gamma Delta, Chi Phi,
and Delta Phi Fraternities,

makes a strong appeal for this class of work.

WE ARE THOROUGHLY EQUIPPED IN ALL OTHER

DEPARTMENTS TO FILL YOUR COMMANDS.

WATCHES.
DIAMONDS.
JEWELRY.
SILVER-
WARE.
OPTICAL
GOODS.

SIMONS BRO. & Co

MANUFACTURERS,

616-618 Chestnut Street,

611-613 Sansom Street,

PHILADELPHIA, PA



L
378

Q
L52

V. 13-14

1893-95

Dust.

